

(Commencement Issue)

THE BELL



RINGER

VOL. 26, NO. 3

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

MAY 30, 1970

Students Declare Strike!

Seniors Demand 3 Month Cooling-Off Period



The following are the students who have decided to permanently boycott classes by transferring to these schools:

John Abernathy, Vanderbilt
Clark Baker, Vanderbilt
Stephen Barkley, Birmingham Southern
Rob Barrick, Vanderbilt
David Benneyworth, Birmingham Southern
Frank Blair, Vanderbilt
Rusty Bright, Birmingham Southern
Parkes Brittain, Univ. of Virginia
David Bryant, Oberlin
Steve Burkhalter, Univ. of Mississippi
Jim Callaway, Birmingham Southern

Phil Cockrill, Birmingham Southern
Bill Cole, Birmingham Southern
Deaver Collins, Amherst
Tommy Craig, Univ. of South Carolina
Arthur Crownover, Vanderbilt
Dick Cummings, SMU
Pat Curley, Vanderbilt
Bill Earthman, Williams
John Eason, Vanderbilt
Biff Ewers, Vanderbilt
Steve Ezell, Univ. of Virginia
Meredith Flautt, Hanover
Bill Floyd, Vanderbilt
Billy Frist, Princeton
ack Funk, Univ. of Tennessee
John Gibson, Vanderbilt
Dave Goetz, Univ. of Virginia
Chip Grice, Univ. of Tennessee
Fred Guttman, Vanderbilt
Jack Herndon, Univ. of Virginia
Chip Hill, West Point
Sammy Howell, New College
Wally Kuhn, Tufts Univ.
Joe Marable, Vanderbilt
Wade Martin, Trinity Univ.
Ernie Matthews, Vanderbilt
David McKie, Univ. of Colorado
Edwin Milam, Indiana Univ.
Dennis Nelson, Emory Univ.
Tom Nesbitt, Univ. of Virginia
Rob Olker, Vanderbilt
Dickie Overton, Univ. of Pennsylvania
Joy Ramsey, Vanderbilt
Mike Regen, Vanderbilt
Norvell Rose, Univ. of Virginia

Sandy Sanders, Univ. of Kentucky
Jim Shapiro, UT at Martin
Monty Smith, Tulane
Wardlaw Steele, Florida Presbyterian

Jim Sugg, Carnegie Univ.
John Thomas, Florida Presbyterian
Maury Tidwell, David Lipscomb
Henry Todd, Univ. of the South at Sewanee
Marshall Trammell, Univ. of Tennessee
Billy Webb, Vanderbilt
Ed White, Vanderbilt
Blair Wilson, Vanderbilt
Dick Workman, Davidson

An analysis of this group of statistics is extremely interesting, especially when compared with past years. The class of 1970 is sending eighteen to Vanderbilt, compared to seventeen and twenty-three in 1968 and 1969 respectively. An unusually high number-six will enter the University of Virginia next year, compared to one and two the past two years. The same holds true for Birmingham Southern, which will have six M.B.A. alumni in its class of 1974. Equally surprising is the fact that three seniors chose U.T. this year compared to ten and twelve in '68 and '69 respectively. Twenty-two other graduates this year will scatter to colleges and universities from Colorado to Florida to Massachusetts. The evidence, though very superficial, points generally to a greater variety of tastes and a greater degree of independence in the Class of 1970.

NATIONAL MERIT FINALISTS ANNOUNCED

On February 13, 1970, The National Merit Scholarship Corporation announced the finalists who are now eligible for the 2400 scholarship awards to be made in mid-April. No MBA semifinalist has ever failed to advance to finalist standing, and the class of 1970 is no exception. The eleven seniors recently honored in this scholarship competition are: Norvell Rose, Deaver Collins, Joe Marable, Jim Sugg, Jack Herndon, David Bryant, Steve Ezell, Bill Earthman, Chip Hill, Clark Baker, and Jim Calloway. These boys represent the top half of one percent of all high school seniors in the country.

During February, the Junior class took the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test, and we hope that they will continue MBA's fine reputation in this

competition when another group of semi-finalists are announced in the fall.

The culmination of the National Merit program each year is the announcement in April of the boys who have been awarded scholarships by the Corporation. Yearly, approximately 1,000 high school seniors from across the country are chosen for the N.M.S.C. \$1,000 award, chosen by the selection committee in state by state competition. This year five Nashville seniors received such an award; out of the eleven M.B.A. seniors qualifying as finalists, Deaver Collins received a National Merit Scholarship representing M.B.A. in the nationwide competition. He intends to use the scholarship at Amherst College, where he will enter next year as a pre-medicine major.

Bryant, Kuhn Protest Rape of Mother Earth

On April 22, a day to discuss and to ponder the problems of the natural environment was recognized throughout the nation. This day, called Earth Day, was observed at MBA as two members of the senior class, David Bryant and Wally Kuhn, presented an assembly program concerning man's relationship with the natural environment. David and Wally were able to enlighten the student body with many of the problems of and solutions to the environmental problem.

Many of the dangers of the pollution of the environment were brought to light in an effort to alarm MBA students enough to cause them to participate in preservation of the environment. However, the greatest danger emphasized was that of apathy. People's indifference toward the environment serves only to provide an atmosphere in which manufacturers and industrialists can get away with polluting the air and the water. Furthermore,



David Bryant closes his eyes for pregnant pause effect.

It was emphasized that our apathy serves as a hindrance to conservation groups from being more effective than they are.

As for solutions to the environmental problem, several suggestions were made. One way mentioned was for people to use public transportation if they are concerned that their cars cause pollution. Of course people could always consider the merit of riding a bicycle or walking instead of driving a car. Another suggestion concerning the problem of excess garbage was that people could use returnable bottles rather

than non-deposit, non-returnable bottle, which add to the problem of excess garbage. Another solution, which seems very practical in this election year, is for citizens to put pressure on public officials to pursue and to administer effective anti-pollution control. In all, the Earth Day program was very enlightening, and it was hoped that students at MBA, as well as people across the nation, came away with a sense of dedication to prevent the pollution of our environment.



Wally Kuhn wears special glasses to guard against visual pollution.

morning assemblies

Our morning assemblies have been highlighted recently by eminent guest speakers. On January 14, Mr. John Hoyt discussed life as an adventure. Mr. Hoyt, the son of an English missionary doctor, was confined to a prison camp with his fellow students while attending school in China. Being a foreigner in a confined society with little freedom, Mr. Hoyt discovered, in his forced continuous association with the other students, life in one of its simplest and most demanding forms. Hypocrisy was futile in the cramped prison. As Mr. Hoyt had been fortunate enough to realize, "Life is not a set of games. Life is an adventure." He later attended Cambridge, where his studies led him in 1959 to a crossing of the Alps in an attempt to discover Hannibal's actual route in the days of the Roman Empire.

In addition, Commander Thomas J. Keene, a navy man who travels 50,000 miles each year talking to academic groups, gave a stirring speech about liberty from the viewpoint of his experiences. Commander Keene was active in both the Pacific and European theaters during the second World War, and the sight



Adventurer Hoyt tells a little personal history.

of brave men dying for our liberty left an impression which Commander Keene transferred to us: "The blood of your fathers is the shield of your liberty."

Tino Carrasco, a reformed narcotics addict, also spoke recently at MBA about his own contact with drugs and the law. Having been brought up conscientiously by his parents, Tino decided to "strike out" on his own. Not only did he experiment with drugs, but he also joined a mob which preyed on the people they nudged in back alleys. Mr. Carrasco made his story more vivid by showing the student body a pair of brass knuckles often used in such crimes.

Since Tino was also an alcoholic with a family, his reform

The Rose Poll

Do you remember that famous date when Admiral Byrd reached the North Pole? You do? You idiot! He reached the South Pole! . . . Do you recall seeing that frightening picture of Attila the Pole? You do? You dolt; He was French! . . . Anyway, now that I have secured your attention, I wish to direct it toward the following poll—a cross-section of student opinion at MBA.

On March 5, 1970, approximately 200 questionnaires were distributed at random among the students—50 of which were filled out and returned (the questionnaires, that is). This brings us to our first questions: 1. Are 75% of our students illiterate? 2. Or are they just apathetic and uncooperative? 3. Is ¼ of the student body waiting to find out where to insert this page in their *Hamlet* notebooks? 4. Or does ¼ of the student body have nothing better to do than fill out questionnaires? Enough of these rhetorical absurdities; now down to the beef and ale.

Question 1. What is your grade in school?

Although most people answered this question intelligently, we find that three or four students are not sure.

Question 2. What do you think is meant by the term "school spirit"?

The prevailing opinion was that "school spirit" means recognition and support of our athletic representatives. A smaller number felt that this phrase includes support of all the school's activities. Other qualities such as "brotherhood among the students" and pride in and respect for the school were felt to be important.

Question 3. Do you think school spirit is important in unifying a student body?

The overwhelming opinion was "yes", although there were a few dissenters. Several of the more outstanding comments were:

"Yes, if one considers unifying a student body that important."

"No. Nobody on our student or honor councils really cares; so how can we be unified?" (Some answers are included merely for the chuckles or frowns they might evoke.)

Question 4. How can school spirit best be promoted?

Response to this question was varied, but one point expressed by several students was that the Big Red Club does not follow through with its purpose. "The Big Red Club is a joke." The suggestion was made that a "pep club" be formed which would take a more active part in the physical embodiment of school spirit, such as cheering and attendance at school-related functions. School spirit can best be promoted by:

"Cheerleaders more concerned with cheering than with social status."

"Individual pride."

"New cheers."

"Better faculty attendance."

"Making the students come to a required amount of games."

"The seniors—if the seniors do something, most of the underclassmen will too."

"Giving less homework."

"More pep rallies."

"More bonfires."

"Having winning athletic teams."

"Buying an Irish Setter."

Many students felt that school spirit cannot be promoted, that the student himself must take a genuine interest in every aspect of school life. A final comment was: "School spirit can be promoted by making the school easier to love. How can students be expected to love a school which denies their individuality and attempts to control their attitudes, thoughts, and morals?"

Question 5. What do you think is the most serious problem facing the American youth today?

"The misrepresentation of certain ideas and groups as being the 'in thing,' when really they serve only to destroy our country."

"Indifference to such things as loyalty, courage, honesty and the church."

"Parents' apathy."

"Too much senseless speaking."

"Maturity is demanded early and in great quantity."

"Laziness."

"Drugs."

"The future."

"Lack of identity and security caused by too lenient parents."

"Inexperience."

"Tomorrow."

"Intolerance."

"Too much idealism."

"Too much to do and too little time."

"Lack of personal freedom."

"Danger that people will stop thinking for themselves."

"Pressure from parents, pressure to get in a prestigious school, pressure to live up to certain ideals, many of which are false."

"Survival of mankind."

"Other youth."

"Riots and racial tension."

"America!!!"

"The generation gap. The parents do not always understand what is going on. When we go out, they have to ask, 'What did you do? Did you drink or smoke?'"

"Pollution."

"Over-population."

"Senseless wars and agony of making money."

"The minority groups that make all youth look bad."

Question 6. What would you do to change MBA?

Although several students used the space allotted for this question to clutter the page with verbal garbage, some of the more notable answers were:

"Abolish compulsory athletics."

"Allow more time for lunch."

"Provide a lounge for students"

"Incorporate more girls."

"Initiate a computer course with extra charge for interested students."

"Establishment of letter grades in place of the number system."

"Let us write in our Latin books."

"Allow students to study anywhere they wish to on campus."

"Reduce restrictions on hair and dress."

"Offer more courses, especially psychology, sociology, philosophy, music appreciation, German, economics, and advanced basketball."

"Try to establish a more relaxed relationship between teachers and students."

"Allow more controversial figures to speak in assembly."

"Integrate."

"Abolish eighth period."

"Go to trimester system."

"Reform the demerit system."

"Give more power to student and honor councils."

"Make wrestling a major sport."

"Provide a professional college counselor."

"Deemphasize Latin and encourage students to take their choice of languages in the eighth grade."

"Reduce scholastic pressure on required work and encourage independent study."

"Give the Belle Meade Cafeteria just enough time to get off the campus."

"Make studying easier by trying to inspire students and showing them the purpose or relevance of courses they are taking."

"Conditions at this school should be such that students grow up instead of screwing around as most of them do."

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THE BELL RINGER

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CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

Despite the fact that American public education seems to be slipping into mediocrity, many MBA students are curious as to how their education compares with that received at public high schools. Because I attended Berkeley High School for a year while my father studied at the University of California, I am in a good position to compare the two. I warn you, however, that for several highly personal and irrational reasons, I am extremely partial to the city of Berkeley and its high school; and this preference will obviously color my observations. Also, I will be describing BHS as it was two years ago, and no school remains static for such a period.

Berkeley High School, which consists of grades ten through twelve, has an enrollment of approximately three thousand. Size, of course, has both advantages and disadvantages. There is a tremendous amount of bureaucracy in the operation of a school this large, and obtaining a personal identity is a very real problem. Classes, however, though larger than those at MBA, were still small enough not to impede education; and its very size allowed BHS to offer many varied and excellent courses and extracurricular activities.

The student body is, of course, the most important part of a school. BHS's students represented substantially every race and social background. The football and basketball teams were dominated by Negro students, and for the first time in my life I found myself wondering whether these Negroes would ignore my color and accept me as their equal and not whether I should accept them as my equal. The race problem at BHS, however, is far from being solved. The city of Berkeley, though much less so than most places, is generally segregated in its residential sections; and therefore the high school, although desegregated, is not integrated in that racial tension is still very evident. Race, however, is a very superficial dividing line. At MBA we are all headed toward the

FOCUS ON STUDENTS

" . . . I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

These words from John Donne's "The Tolling of the Bells" should arouse in us a desire to be involved in the affairs of mankind, to engage in correcting the ills of our society. However, the problems of American society cover a vast range, from pollution of the environment to a questionable war in Southeast Asia, from an inflated economical situation to campus turmoil, and from civil rights to the use or abuse of drugs. We therefore may ask ourselves how we are "to bear arms against (this) sea of troubles." Frankly, there is no certain and easy answer as how we are to resolve the overwhelming problems of our country. Nevertheless, because of the lack of an easy solution to our problems, we should not exclude ourselves as students of Montgomery Bell Academy from attempting to make this world a better place to live in. And one way to improve the conditions of our times is to begin here at MBA.

There are many ways in which students can use MBA as a stepping stone of becoming involved in correcting the ills of our society. For instance, students can rally to create a better relationship between the student council and the student body; thus, better understanding can be promoted among students so that the interests of the student and the school as a whole can better be served. Students should request the student council to hold open forum meetings frequently so that the student council can be constantly aware of the students' desires and complaints as well as their general attitude. Furthermore, if a group of students feel that they would like to pursue interests of courses that are not offered in the regular curriculum, then this particular group of students should meet informally a couple of times a week to run a course they are interested in. No credit necessarily would be given for this course until students, and maybe along with a few interested teachers, weigh the value of this course. This course could deal with almost any topic, such as economics, psychology, or political science. After students weigh the value of such a course, they could petition to the student council, faculty, or administration for such a course to be entered into the regular curriculum.

There are also ways in which MBA students can involve themselves in affairs which can have some effect upon the affairs of the community. For instance, interested students can form a group that would be concerned with the environmental problem or with any other national problem. This group could be responsible for bringing in assembly speakers who could relate various aspects of a national problem to the MBA student body. This group could also meet on the weekends and truly involve themselves with cleaning up the landscape or tutoring or playing with underprivileged children. Also, because there is a Congressional election next fall, students can organize and work for their favorite candidate.

To Save Our Environment

"I am pessimistic about the human race because it is too ingenious for its own good. Our approach to nature is to beat it into submission. We should stand a better chance of survival if we accommodated ourselves to this planet and viewed it appreciatively instead of skeptically and dictatorially."

E. B. White

Without a doubt July 20, 1969 is a landmark in the history of America and of mankind; for on that day, two astronauts were the first men ever to touch the surface of the moon. This landing on the moon proves that man's pioneer spirit, which has been prevalent throughout the ages, remains alive today. Nevertheless, we must ask ourselves if the frontier spirit is a worthy quality and if the moon landing does not reveal the folly of our society. Let us consider: is not the pioneer spirit to some extent based upon the belief that when one has exhausted the land of its resources, he can move to new lands that are rich in natural resources? If we answer yes to this question, then surely, we should begin to see the folly of the moon landing. Through our history of indifference to nature, we now realize that the treasures of the earth, the land, the sea, and the air are not indispensable. In order to cope with this problem, we are turning toward the moon as the new frontier, as the land with unknown amounts of natural wealth. This new phase in the evolution of pioneerism will not work. We cannot wait for technology to take us to the new frontier; we do not have time, for our survival is at stake. Our only prayer for existence on this earth is not to move away from the polluted environment; rather it is to clean it up.

No longer can we preserve nature only for the sake of its beauty, for the preservation of the natural environment is essential to the preservation of man. For instance, ecologists, who deal with the relationship between environment and life, have experimental and theoretical evidence to prove that animal and human life will be endangered if the present rate of pollution is maintained. Some of the facts that ecologist agree upon are: it will be necessary by 1980 for urban dwellers to wear gas masks in order to survive air pollution,

an increased amount of carbon dioxide in the air will affect the earth's temperatures so much that there will be a new ice age; air pollution will reduce the amount of sunlight reaching the earth by one-half by 1985; the amount of oxygen will be reduced as more acres of trees are cut down; and due to a major ecological breakdown in the soil by water in the 1980's, millions of human beings will die from new, unconquerable diseases. As we can see, we face a very grim future unless we take the right measures to curb air and water pollution.

How to take the right measures is presently the most frustrating problem that concerns us. The only victories against the destruction of the environment are the cessations of the construction of pet ports, dams, and oil shipping stations. Although man's potential ravage of nature has been prevented by these victories, we still see tons of smoke and waste being poured into the air and water. Moreover, various environmental and anti-pollution councils have been created in order to relieve frustrations about pollution, but what action have these councils taken to stop pollution? We do not need investigative committees and our local newspapers to tell us that our creeks and rivers are polluted; we know this already. Nor can we leave it up to the government to clean up the air and water, for their billions of dollars can affect only a few specific areas thoroughly. And the industries will keep on polluting the air and water. Therefore, we could leave it up to the lawmakers to pass new anti-pollution laws; but because existing anti-pollution laws are incompetently enforced, what reason is there to believe that the new ones will effectively be enforced? In a recent *Sports Illustrated* article, a man from New York State revealed how he went through six years of government bureaucracy in order to sue Penn Central Railroad under the 1890 Federal Refuse Act. However, we cannot spend six years making sure that an anti-pollution law is enforced when we may have to wear gas masks by 1980.

Therefore, we may ask ourselves what the individual citizen can do to effectively curb pollution. There are several channels through which one can help to

clean up the environment. One way is to dig up all existing laws concerning pollution and to see that these laws are effectively and immediately enforced. Industries and other institutions which are causing much of the pollution in this area should be sued under these laws. Because the concern of pollution crosses political, social, and age barriers, there should be a strong, united effort to see that the perpetrators of pollution are punished by law. More important, these perpetrators need to be prevented from causing any large-scale pollution; citizens can see the anti-pollution laws are enforced by constantly pressuring legal authorities on a mass scale and by publicly exposing legal authorities if they are incompetently enforcing these laws. Another method which citizens can use is to picket an institution that is causing vast amounts of pollution. However, the only true success of this method is to inform other people of what institutions are causing the pollution. Probably the best method to curb pollution is to work effectively within the economical system. Let's face the truth, pollution is appalling but is it not a by-product of our endeavors to obtain and to maintain prosperity? *Esquire* magazine comments upon fighting pollution through economical systems. "If the power companies are to be prevented from running more hills and warming more rivers, we must stop needing more electricity." Herein lies a practical solution: we must do with less of the products which are manufactured by heavily polluting industries. In other words, we can boycott industries which are ruining our natural environment. The grounds for this boycott can be as thus: we would not buy products which were made by an industry that causes a large amount of pollution until this industry has taken effective measures to curb its pollution. Hopefully, if citizens adhere to the boycott, an industry will fall enough in the sale of its products so that it will begin to curb its pollution. We can also boycott industries and companies which buy products on a large scale from heavily polluting industries so that these large corporations can enter the citizens' boycott for a cleaner environment. The result of the boycott is that industries and institutions would realize that no prosperity is worth the destruction of our natural environment.

These methods may not be the panacea to the bothersome problem of air and water pollution. However, if people are really as concerned with pollution as they claim to be, then new methods of stopping pollution will be discovered. And in this decade, concern for the environment will demand action against those who are bringing us closer to the extinction of man. Wallace Stegner, a famous conservationist has said, "... it will not be only the buffalo and the trumpeter swan who need sanctuaries. Our own species is going to need them too. It needs them now." There are no more frontiers which will save man from his own ruthless destruction of nature. We must turn on to the land, the air, and the water and try to save them. We must act and we must act now. If we don't, we will surely pay. Then maybe the world will end not with a bang but with a whimper.



Seniors ponder implications of lunchroom strike.

MORE ROSE POLL

(Continued from Page 2)

Question 7. Have you ever experimented with drugs? If so, why? If not, why not?

	Yes	No
7th	0	1
8th	0	0
9th	2	5
10th	0	8
11th	3	8
12th	4	4

"No. It is a false method of escaping one's inadequacies in life."

"No. I don't need them."

"No. I might like to smoke a joint of marijuana for 'kick'."

"No. I'm afraid of getting caught."

"No. who needs 'em?"

"No. Drugs may not be harmful (although I believe they are), but they are illegal."

"No. I have not had the opportunity."

"No. I want to live long."

"No. I don't feel the cost of disturbing one's entire life could warrant the singular 'thrill of freaking out.'"

"No. I don't feel that I should totally submit my will, my mind, my being to a force like drugs—how can I 'do my own thing' if it is the drugs that are controlling my actions?"

"Yes. I took L.S.D. for the purpose of religion. It did not help in that manner, but my outlook on life was broadened. I took mescaline two more times for learning about myself. It taught me more than I have learned here in four years. I smoke marijuana when I feel like it. It is just for fun. Everyone should drop once or twice and then quit like I did. Heroin should be strictly condemned and pushers shipped to Russia."

"I have not because I never have been confronted with them."

"Yes, for kicks. Boop-boop-a-doo."

"Yes, to find out if pot is worth all the disturbance that is being created."

"No. I don't want to make a jack-ass out of myself."

"I have decided against it until I go to college, and then I will make the decision concerning it."

"No. I'm not a fool."

"I think it is stupid to mess around with drugs. You may feel real cool and think it's a blast at the time, but maybe when you have your first child and you realize you broke your chromosomes, then you are sorry that you have got a deformed child."

"Yes, because of curiosity and because I had heard a lot about certain drugs and they were easily available."

"Yes, because I wanted to understand those who take drugs habitually."

"Not really."

"Yes. I wanted to see what this talked about issue was all about. It is very played up."

"No. I know the facts."

"Yes, Curiosity, but more than that. Why do people smoke, drink? I honestly do not claim to know and am not going to answer something I am not sure about."

"Yes. Drugs, depending upon the individual, can be a very rewarding experience. Drugs open parts of the consciousness which we do not normally experience—they don't create anything which does not already exist in some form in the human mind. As for the dangers, they are grossly exaggerated and mixed up by propagandists as well as those who don't know any better, most of whom have had not even second-hand experience with drugs. In their anxious panic, these people fail to distinguish between the harmless and dangerous drugs, thus causing youth to tune them out. But as with anything else, one should not become too involved with any drug, whether alcohol, grass, or cigarettes."

"No, not personally."

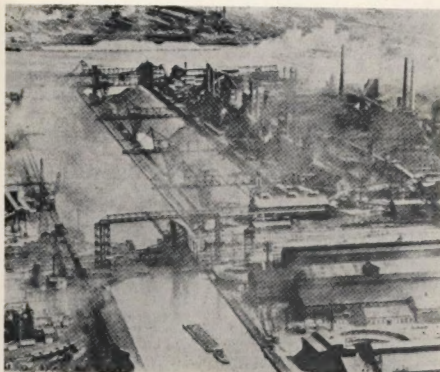
"I would try marijuana if I had some."

"I will not fill this part out because, like everything else about this school, it will be turned into F.E.C. or part of the faculty."

Question 8. Do you think marijuana should be legalized?

	Yes	No	Qualified
7th	0	1	0
8th	1	0	0
9th	3	4	0
10th	2	8	2
11th	0	9	4
12th	5	6	2

"Yes, for those old enough to handle it. The effects of grass are simply those of a mild intoxicant (like *Scientific American* states), and thus the laws should be like those concerning alcohol. The money and time should be spent towards a crackdown on pushers who sell the harder drugs, especially to children."



Do we need any other incentive?

COLLEGE COUNSELOR SUGGESTED

Montgomery Bell Academy prides itself on being one of the finest preparatory schools in the South. Its excellent facilities and fine faculty prepare MBA students well for the demands placed on them in college. The one weakness in college counseling at MBA is that it does not quite measure up to the college preparation itself. It is true that most students of MBA get into "name" schools or their first-choice schools. In that respect MBA's record speaks for itself. However, students often find that the college they pick is not exactly what they had expected—too difficult perhaps, too isolated, to regional, or too large. As a consequence, Mr. Carter receives requests for transfers and has to go through the process of writing new recommendations for these unhappy students. Obviously, there is room for improvement in the college counseling at MBA. The quickest and most efficient way to remedy this is to hire a full time college counselor who could advise from September to early spring and then visit colleges the rest of the year. Mr. Carter has done a very admirable job in advising MBA seniors; but as MBA's enrollment grows and the number of colleges becomes larger, it is clear that college advising is a full time job and not just another facet of an administrator's work.

Are there other benefits that college counselor's can render? Yes. A college counselor can advise students which courses fit their special needs and abilities. He can, as well, act as an impartial observer in school affairs since he is not a true member of the faculty of the student body; he is, in effect, a "go between." The costs of a professional counselor are substantial. Nevertheless, a school which sends 100% of its students to four-year accredited colleges should seriously consider the merits of such a counselor; for it would save both MBA and dissatisfied students much paper work and misery.

Sammy Howell

Lunchroom Strike

Mr. Editor,

MBA has always prided itself on having good facilities. There was a question raised early this spring concerning the fact that if MBA is supposed to have good facilities, why are the conditions in the lunchroom the way they are? By now everyone knows the grievances about the cafeteria and knows that Belle Meade Buffet has agreed to meet all of them.

The method that the students employed to bring attention and action on the situation was the use of their option to bring their lunches instead of buying lunch at school. A very large percentage of the grade school brought their lunches causing Belle Meade Buffet to send some representatives over to investigate the "strike." Finally after an emotional confrontation with our headmaster and with the owner of the Buffet, the students called off the boycott, having accomplished what they had started it for—merely to better the food, the prices, and the conditions in the

The method of "striking" is known to be one of the most effective ways of having grievances soothed today in the United States. In this instance were the students right in striking? Let one ask one question as a reply to the previous one: Would our grievances have been acted upon if we had presented them without striking? Or would we have been told about all the problems of Belle Meade Buffet and then told not to make any more problems? "Strike" and "boycott" are harsh terms, but being realistic, wasn't a strike necessary?

Anonimously
Signed



Students present non-negotiable demands during strike.

Look How Far We Haven't Come

(The following article appeared in the *Nashville Banner*, Friday, May 20, 1955.)

Tennessee last year for the first time in history reduced pollution going into streams, State Health Commissioner R. H. Hutcheson said today.

Hutcheson told the Tennessee Stream Pollution Control Board that five new treatment works have been placed in operation by municipalities and 17 by industries.

"A special effort has been made to correct critical stream pollution problems caused by sewage and industrial wastes from 20 municipalities, three state institutions, one other sewage system, and 97 industries in areas designated as acute by the board in November," he said.

S. L. Jones, board technical secretary, said every effort is being made to make satisfactory arrangements with trouble-causing installations.

TVA CRITICIZED

A criticism of TVA came during the morning when it was reported water flow control on Crockett Dam near Morristown had killed fish below the American Enka Corp.

Jones said that the firm was complying with the board's regulation but abrupt closing of the dam's gates caused a water shortage at the plant and pollution which killed fish downstream.

B. W. Moulton, Kingsport city manager, said the abrupt closing of TVA dam gates also cuts production in the Kingsport area.

"Some of our large industries rely heavily on water flow and when it is dropped quickly production must slack off," he said.

Moulton added that some Kingsport plants plan to ask permission to build temporary dams on the Holston River to maintain

BOWATERS PROBLEM

The board discussed effects on stream pollution of a proposed 50 per cent expansion program at Bowaters Southern Paper Corp. at Calhoun.

Jones told the board that so far Bowaters has complied with existing pollution regulations but that alterations must be made under the expansion program.

The board approved a permanent permit for the American Enka Corp. at Lowland and authorized the technical staff to help the firm draft specifications to control pollution when Enka's new \$20,000,000 expansion program gets under way.

Jones also reported that the Mead Corp. at Harriman is building a \$1,500,000 treatment plant to take care of waste materials being dumped into the Tennessee River.

(Continued from Page 2)

However, probably the greatest way in which MBA students can involve themselves in the main of society is to take a more mature attitude toward their responsibilities to others. One can begin here by improving his behavior in the Patrick Wilson Library. This library is a great asset to MBA and is a great benefit to the students, providing they use it wisely. The library is not a playground, and some students should quit trying to see how much they can do behind the librarian's back! If students want more individual freedom in the library and in the school, then they will have to act in a more responsible manner. Let us examine this situation further; at a recent Student Council open forum, various students stated their desires for liberalization of some prevailing school rules. However, it was ironic that some of the students who wanted these liberalizations were the ones who act very immaturely in the library. Students, if you want changes in school policies, you better change your own attitudes.

Furthermore, students should realize that they cannot separate themselves from their fellow citizens. When public figures refer to youth as a whole in either a positive or negative way, then MBA students have more obligation to life than just to exist as MBA students during the week and as a party-lovers on the weekends. Nobody expects MBA students to dedicate themselves to the ills of our nation seven days a week; but then again certainly nobody desires students who seven days a week are ignorant of and undedicated to problems of local or national concern. Therefore, in conclusion let us recall the words of the late Robert F. Kennedy:

The future does not belong to those who are content with today, apathetic toward common problems and their fellow man alike, timid and fearful in the face of new ideas and bold projects. Rather it will belong to those who can blend passion, reason, and courage in a personal commitment to the ideals and great enterprises of American society.

Wally Kuhn

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"Boys Are Our Specialty"

(Continued from Page 2)

same goal of college preparation. Although BHS has an excellent college prep course, I found that I had to associate with people who had no thought of college or who would perhaps never finish high school. This association was a greater problem to me than that of race.

The liberal reputation of the University of California at Berkeley is certainly also evident at BHS. There were many so-called hippies, and every day I was confronted with radical ideas and people. Far from disliking this, however, I enjoyed the colorful clothes and the intellectual challenge of confronting ideas different from my own. I felt no pressure to conform to any set pattern of dress or behavior, and therefore could relax and enjoy the scene. Although the quality of classroom education was excellent, there was obviously a great deal of education to be had outside the classroom.

If the purpose of education is preparation for life, both BHS and MBA do an excellent job but in different ways. Whereas both provide excellent academic preparation, Berkeley specializes in giving its students a glimpse of the real world, in as much as the physical world, with its many cultures, social backgrounds, and political ideas, is real. MBA, on the other hand, while lacking this type and degree of diversity in its student body, has, nevertheless, an extremely valuable quality to offer. Most MBA students, whether or not they realize it, leave MBA with a subconscious sense that they are something special. By stressing each student's individuality, through small classes and other less visible means, MBA is able to give its graduates a feeling of self-reliance. It is difficult to measure how important this self-reliance is; but I believe that with it one can face the problems of an increasingly depersonalized and unconcerned society knowing that, whatever happens, he is still somebody. By a rather over-simplified analogy, BHS teaches someone how to swim by throwing him in the deep end and wishing him luck; MBA starts at the shallow end.

David Bryant



After reading controversial Rose Poll, Mr. Holcomb goes nuts in the woods.

And More Rose Poll...

(Continued from Page 3)

"No, because in I Corinthians 3:16-17 it says: 'Know ye not that you are the temple of God? And he who defiles this temple, him will God destroy because this temple is holy which ye are.'"

"Yes, simply because marijuana laws cannot be enforced; and if the police put as much energy into fighting real criminals instead of peaceful teenagers, America would be a much safer place."

"No, but it does not matter. The kids have it anyway."

"No, because then there would be a competitive market as to who can give the best trip, which could be extremely dangerous."

"The penalties for possession should be lessened, but it should not be legalized until we find more about its effects."

"Yes, with restrictions. (Sorry, Mr. Carter.)"

"Perhaps it should not because the only outcome would lead to more powerful drugs. Giving people a taste might let them justify use of the 'killer drugs.'"

"Not yet, maybe never. Not enough is known about this product to just turn it loose. If a dog is suspected of having rabies, do the pound-keepers let it bite people at will?"

"Yes, and it will be, just as cigarettes and alcohol. The government does not have the right to say if you can do anything to yourself or not, as long as it does not interfere with another's rights as a human being. The question is not if it is harmful or not. Not legalizing it is breaking a law of human rights—the Law of Individuality."

"I do not agree with you that marijuana should be legalized. You say that the smoking of marijuana will not inhere on the rights of others. YOU ARE WRONG! When one smokes marijuana, he becomes mentally high, unable to control his feelings or reactions (which are slower under the influence of it). Therefore, if one is driving a car while under the influence of marijuana, his is endangering his life and the lives of others because his reaction time is slower. A person has the right to drive the streets without the fear of being smashed by someone under the influence of marijuana. Whoever you are, I admire you for your steadfastness of conviction, although I do not agree with you."

MORE OF NORVELL'S JUNQUE

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 4)

There is no knowing how accurate a poll may be, even though great pains may have been taken to acquire a sufficient number of opinions to warrant any generalizations that one might wish to make. The very diversity of the answers is encouraging in that it shows that, while a great deal of conformity in superficial matters is demanded at MBA, individuality of the mind, which is after all the only important individuality, is still very much present. I am not a professional pollster, or whatever consensus takers are called, so I will not attempt to give you any insights into the character of the "typical MBA student." I will however, in keeping with the nature of the article, offer a few opinions of my own, not claiming that they are of more value than those already expressed. (The opinions and suggestions in the article thusfar are not necessarily those of the editorial staff. The remaining part of this survey, however, comes from the weary mind of the *Bell Ringer's* own Editor-in-Chief, who claims sole responsibility for its content.)

As for my present grade in school, I feel fairly confident in claiming to be a senior, although I sometimes find myself wishing that I were back in 7B with the water fountain and restroom just outside the door. "Those were the days, my friend," and all you seventh graders who envy the big guys because we get to sit on the stage and have a whole period for lunch, take a deep breath and plant in your mind the smell of the Ball Building. It's not really so bad.

There is an abundance of talk today on the topic of individualism, as witnessed by several statements in the poll. The emphasis that is placed upon individualism and the idea of everybody doing "his own thing" raises one very disturbing question in my mind: can a large number of "individuals" ever be unified? Unity, strength, eagerness, optimism—all are implied in my definition of "school spirit," a trait that is sorely lacking not only in MBA, but in high schools and colleges throughout the country. The theory of education is certainly a complicated one, and by no means do I profess to know the answers to the many problems that arise when this theory is put into effect. I feel strongly, however, that unless there is a sense of loyalty and devotion (which may seem like a strong word but is nonetheless pertinent) pervading a student body, an institution such as ours cannot and will not retain the high regard which it has held for so many years.

What is to be done? Just as many people, young and old alike, seem to have lost respect for the United States and no longer regard patriotism as a necessity for the survival of the country, likewise school spirit, which is a form of patriotism, is "down on the market" and is not nearly as popular as it used to be. On the stage in Wallace Hall are two flags—one, the American flag; the other, the banner of Montgomery Bell Academy. For those of you who are old enough to remember, you will recall that it used to be a daily practice for the entire student body to rise and pledge allegiance to Old Glory before the start of the school day. That is no longer done. This practice is no longer considered an honor, a privilege, but a chore which children were made to perform—it interfered with their personal freedom. I doubt if half of our junior school, and probably not half of the senior class, could recite the Pledge of Allegiance if they were suddenly asked to. It is really quite funny to hear the fantastic range of noises that sallies forth from the student body when the Alma Mater is about to be sung at commencement. One would think that each student has just sampled some vile chemical offered to them from out of the science department's storeroom.

I suppose that I am going to be labeled a radical, a flag-waver—that's to be expected. Oh well, I don't really mind. In fact, I'm quite glad that I've still got a flag to wave. I've heard many people say that they are sick of MBA and can't wait to get away so they can let their hair grow and not have to tuck in their shirts. I don't guess that I'm much different—I've been on the Hill for six long years and will be glad to have a change of atmosphere, but I am also extremely thankful that I have attended MBA. That sounds kind of corny, doesn't it? I suppose a little corn mixed with our diet of hard reading isn't too bad. Anyway, it seems to me that someone who is dissatisfied with the way an institution is being run should either attempt to bring about constructive changes or move on to some other school. Destruction and disruption, which are popular methods of expression in our society, might effect changes in a situation, but the seed of antipathy and tension which has been planted can readily sprout and eventually strangle any institution that permits it to be fertilized.

Before I sink into unbearable depths of analogy and allegory, let me shake off the slush and bare a few solid statements. School spirit is more than attendance at athletic events or dramatic productions. It is more than standing up and making fun of the cheerleaders on Friday morning, or seeing who can hit the official with a big chunk of ice. Pride, loyalty, enthusiasm—these are the true essence of school spirit. What would your first-period teacher do if you smiled as you walked into the classroom? Would it be an effort on your part? I've learned that I'm pretty good at giving advice that sounds wise, but unfortunately I'm also one figure lost in the legions of hypocrites. Maybe someday I'll learn to follow my own suggestions—maybe someday will be tomorrow!

The preceding sentence was a test—to see how much romantic optimism you could stomach. Since you have continued reading, you'll be happy to know that you have passed, probably because either you're a masochist and like to inflict pain upon yourself or you are actually concerned about my mental health. Whatever the motivation, here you are eagerly awaiting my response to the next question: What is the biggest problem facing the American youth today? I could be one of the pack that carries the banner of

poll uncovered as to youth's biggest problem was, "Everything that the generation behind us has left for us to 'better.'" (My goodness, such generalizations—Mrs. Lowry would bite your head off. Whoever you are, you'd better leave the country!) Then again I could play it cool, or cold as the case may be, and say that we youth haven't got any problems, that all the odds and ends disturbing people today will work themselves out if left alone. This seems to be the attitude that some nonchalant citizens are taking. Let us classify these see-no-evils under the "What, me worry?" category. The question might now arise in your mind, as it has in mine, as to why I am trying to categorize people, as if they were rocks or fruit trees? The answer is very simple—it sounded professional, you know, like the "big time" publications. But now that I find myself painted into a rather small corner, I shall abandon my pseudo-professional ways and return to good old high school journalism. (You must try to excuse these tangents that my mind, pillared by an active ego, has a tendency to follow.)

It was the "in thing" several years ago to be a follower of the "God is dead" party. It used to be that prayer was permissible and even encouraged in schools across the nation. It may well be that in the not-to-distant future the motto on our coins will read, "In whom do we trust?" In any case, one tenth grade student said that the most pressing problem facing the young people of our country is "finding God." This answer ties in somewhat with the popular "find yourself" movement, one that seems to have taken the country by storm, or tempest, or whatever image-provoking word you wish to use. For the novice who wants to join the ranks of those experienced in looking for themselves, the big question is where to start. Suggestion: Look in the closet behind all the old tax forms; you might be lost there. Another suggestion: Call the police department and ask for the missing persons bureau; perhaps you will find yourself, or at least a reasonable facsimile, there. If neither of these attempts proves successful, you might try "finding God." It's really not as hard as you might think, or wish to think; for, you see, God is everywhere. I suppose I'm starting to sound like the voice from the pulpit—you remember the pulpit—it's the thing that the preacher gets up into so that he can be up above the people and then they can see him without having to crane their necks. Oh well, if you missed the sermon last Sunday, you're getting one right now, at least in an abridged version. How long has it been since you got down on your knees to pray? I doubt if it would pain you too much. Oh, it might hurt a little at first, but then numbness gradually sets in and everything is okay, until you try getting up again. Of course, you don't need to be on your knees to have a conversation with God—He'd be thrilled if you took time just to say "Hello" once in a while. I hope I've made my point.

To continue: if you are thinking to yourself that I have managed to say a lot without ever actually answering the question, you have been pretty observant. Congratulations. So that your fellow human beings may recognize you for your powers of perception, will you please raise your hand and keep it extended until you become sufficiently embarrassed and self-conscious. If you did in fact raise your hand, you have just asserted your individuality by making a fool out of yourself. Way to go, sport!

Question 6. What would I do to change MBA? Again I shall more or less avoid the issue and offer a few comments as to the character of the institution as it stands now. As with practically any school, a student can make of it what he will. Montgomery Bell Academy is unique; it is more than a name—it is a reputation, a promise, a heritage. There was one response to this question which differed from the other 49: "I think MBA is fine the way it is." But this school will not remain the same; it will change by natural evolution if by nothing else. A school is the faculty and student body. Next year there will be a new MBA.

I have never experimented with drugs; Music is my way of "tripping out."

To answer the question concerning the legalization of marijuana, let me present a few questions. What is the purpose of a law—to protect, to encourage, to condone? If marijuana were to be legalized, how would the situation be changed? Where would the line be drawn?

I would like to thank all those students who responded to the questionnaire, whether seriously or humorously; after all, we need a scattering of humor in our gloomy, sad-colored world. To the guys who helped compile this poll I also extend my thanks. And for the readers who have spent the last few minutes with me, I hope you have gleaned a little something from what the students of MBA have had to say. If you wish to comment upon any part of this article, please feel free to do so: take a little time and let me know what your sentiments are, that is, if you haven't lost the precious art of thinking.



"I may call everyone 'Chief,'"

ALUMNI NEWS

NEWSPAPER

AMHERST, Mass.—Two young men from Nashville are among those named to the current Amherst College Dean's List for outstanding academic achievement during the winter semester. They are:

DOUGLAS CAMERON NEFF, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Neff of 116 Belle Meade Boulevard was a 1966 honor graduate of Montgomery Bell Academy. Now a senior at Amherst and a candidate for an honors degree in American studies, he has served two terms on the student council and one term on the College Council. He is also a four-year staff member of the *Amherst Student* (newspaper).

JOSEPH MALLORY STRAYHORN was also in the 1966 Class of Montgomery Bell Academy, where he was a National Merit Scholarship winner. He has been named to the Dean's List during each semester of his studies at Amherst and was elected to Phi Beta appa during his junior year, a mark of special academic distinction. Now a candidate for an honors degree in psychology, he has also won the Peter Burnett Howe Prize for excellence in prose fiction. He is the son of Dr. Joseph M. Strayhorn of 1027 Tyne Boulevard and the late Helen Tate Strayhorn.

NHS

The National Honor Society, in which MBA has participated since 1944, recently announced its new members. The new junior members from MBA (students in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades) are Miller Batson, James Edward Gillum, and James Winn Milam. The members previously recognized are John Brooks, William Leslie Harbison, and Richard Miles Owenby.

The new Senior Honor Society members (already including Deaver Collins, Dick Collins, William Frist, John Gibson, Philip R. Jones, Ben Mabry, Robert Murphy, Gep Nelson, Larry Schull, and Norvell Rose) are as follows: Buck Cole, Mac Davis, Phil Lee, Robert Miller, and James F. Stiffer.

We extend our congratulations to these top students and hope that they will continue their past success in future years.

Comment

The people who cry and bewail because they don't have enough are not half as bad off as those who do not cry. The people who cry have touched but not grasped the gilded idol of wealth. The people who do not know how to cry have not even glimpsed the glimmering vision with its heart of iron. For they cannot be hungry if they have never known any degree of being satiated. And yet the dumb masses are infinitely more deserving than any of the screamers. Would that the screamers and cryers could see the silent masses and be thankful for their silence.



Collins and opponent desperately try to disentangle themselves fifteen minutes after match.

Grapplers Make Most Of Building Season

Although hard hit by graduation and plagued by growing pains, the Big Red grapplers turned a "rebuilding year" into a championship one. Guided by Coach Riggins, the 1970 Maroons posted a 7-2-1 season, won the Western Division Championship, and placed second in the City Championship Tournament. Picked to place second or third behind Hillwood and Franklin in the division, MBA started slowly by losing to BGA 26-24, hampered by injury and overweight. The Big Red matmen then began to pick up steam, winning six of the next seven matches, the only blemish being a 24-24 tie with Glencliff. There followed a loss to defending state champion's Father Ryan; the season, however, finished on an upbeat as the team rolled past Franklin.

The biggest win of the season was the shellacking of the wrestling arch-rival Hillwood. The highly rated Hillwood club was drilled into the mat by a spirited MBA team before one of the season's largest crowds.

Next year's preseason predictions should be different from those of this year. There are seven returning varsity lettermen and several promising prospects with whom Mr. Riggins can work. There are, however, several difficult obstacles in his path—getting Batson to stop manufacturing bombs for the war effort in Biafra; keeping McWhirter serious for more than thirty seconds at a time; and getting Curtis to understand spoken English. If these problems are overcome, the 1971 wrestling team will look forward to another successful season.

Netters Go To Region

This year's basketball team has the distinction of being the third team in 21 years to go to the regional tournament. The team split its first four contests before really getting on the move against Hume-Fogg. The next night the Big Red overcame a tough Lipscomb press and held on to topple the Lipscomb Bison.

The following game, in which there was no more than one student, one cheerleader, and five faculty members in attendance, the NIL champion North Yankers topped the Big Red 92-68. However, the team bounced back with a resounding 62-39 victory over bitter rival Ryan.

During the Christmas vacation, M.B.A. participated in the Hendersonville Invitational Tournament, opening with an easy victory over Smyrna. The next vic-

tim was host Hendersonville, setting the stage for the championship game against Midstate powerhouse Gallatin. The Big Red, unable to contain All-Star Eddie Sherlin (who scored 38 points), fell to the Green Wave, but nonetheless came out of the tournament with a second place trophy.

Continuing their success with a victory over Franklin, the team optimistically looked forward to the Memphis trip. The Big Red opened by losing to unbeaten MUS, but bounced back the next day to defeat Memphis Christian Brothers as John Gibson scored a career high of 23 points and Billy Webb came in to inspire the team's effort.

Returning to the Nashville area, the ball club rolled past arch-rival BGA. The next stop was Columbia, where the foe

was Columbia Military Academy. Fred Fisher's brilliant play paced the Big Red to a 20 point victory, raising their record to 11-5.

With revenge on their minds, the team returned to Nashville and the friendly confines of Brownlee O. Currey Gymnasium to meet Peabody. A sky-high M.B.A. team slaughtered the Tigers 97-51. Numerous school records fell, as the team also reached its peak with a 12-5 record. Now seventh in the NIL, the Big Red nevertheless were shocked by Cohn. Unable to break their losing ways, the team lost to Hume-Fogg, Ryan, North, BGA, and Pearl.

Not to be completely subdued, the Big Red bounced back for a contest against Ryan in the district tournament. Mike Regan, with 23 points, led an inspired M.B.A. team fired up by the tremendous support of the student body. The Big Red almost followed this up with a shocker over Pearl, but fell back in the fourth quarter to lose, after being ahead or tied for the first three quarters.

By defeating Ryan, M.B.A. had qualified for the regional tournament for the first time in five years. The Big Red again ran into Gallatin; holding Sherlin, the state's leading scorer, to 24 points. The Big Red played a tremendous game before stumbling in the closing minutes to the twentieth district champions, 68-60.

The outlook for the future obviously is very bright as it returns Kyle Young, Mike Regan, and Fred Fisher to the starting team, and valuable reserves Steve Armistead and Bob Latimer. Others who are certainly in the basketball picture for next year include Bill Hickerson, Ernie Leonard, Clay Stenhens, Rip Trammel, and Whit Holcomb.



Regan shoots for two.

J.V. Basketball

The J. V. Basketball team had a great success under Coach Tillman for the second straight year. The team enjoyed a fine season with a winning record of 12-9. Included in their record was a big upset over Hume-Fogg, 56-54. Hume-Fogg had earlier defeated Pearl by twenty-five points. The team showed its ability to play extremely well under pressure and has produced some fine varsity prospects. In the J. V. tournament, the team lost a tough game to a fine Cameron team, 73-63, after defeating a much improved Peabody team, 53-30. Along with Mr. Tillman, the team received added help from a new coach, Mr. Young, who proved to be very dedicated and enthusiastic through the season. Mr. Tillman's patience with the team was an important factor in the team's success. According to the coaches, the team improved immensely toward the end of the season and gained valuable experience. The managers, who spent extra time after school and after games to help the team through the season, were Joe Flautt, Kent Stewart, and David Hibbitts.

Rifle Team Cops City Championship

The MBA Rifle Team under the leadership of coaches James Stevens, Rip Sutton, and Russ Oldfield, enjoyed a successful season. Youth Incorporated sponsors the league consisting of eight teams: Overton, Hillsboro, Two Rivers, Hume-Fogg, Father Ryan, Lipscomb, and East. The MBA team practices from 6-8 p.m. on Wednesdays.

The first match, in the prone position, was won by MBA, with Overton and Hillsboro finishing second and third. MBA also took the sitting position trophy over Overton and Hillsboro. By a margin of thirty points, MBA captured the kneeling position trophy,

once again over Overton and Hillsboro. The standing position tournament was MBA's only loss.

The final 4-position championship was won by MBA, finishing 20 points ahead of second-place Overton. This was the culmination of the year's efforts. Of the league's top five riflemen, three were members of the MBA team, with Ed Stevens taking the third place individual trophy, Norvell Rose placing fourth, and Dick Koonce fifth.

This was a great end to a fine season, and we hope that the Rifle Team will continue bringing honor to MBA in the future.

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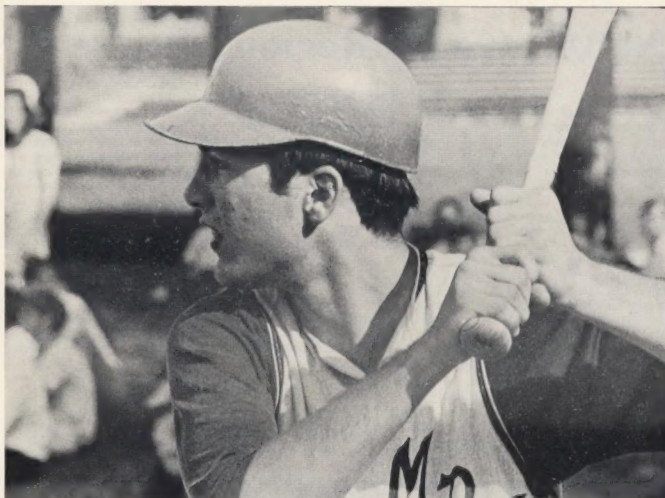
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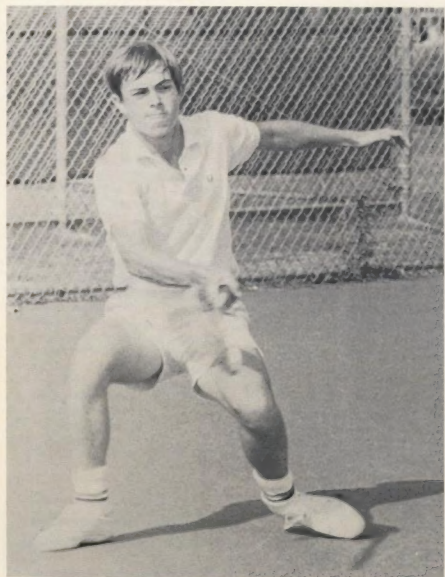
Ernie Leonard displays his familiar form during one of the Big Red's games. With a season record of 11-5, MBA was knocked out of the play-offs by a 4-2 loss to Overton.

Golf Team Captures Title

With one of its youngest teams, MBA stands atop a tightly contested western division race. Only a few points separate the first six teams, who are all capable of winning the title. No one can say this year's team is not "up to par." An inexperienced team, the Big Red remains undefeated after six matches and has the Western Division's lowest scorer in Mitchell Gariott. MBA has defeated Ryan 5 to 1, Lipscomb 5½-½, and strong North in a closely contested 3½-2½ match that almost caused Mr. Rodgers to "have a stroke." Since then MBA has rolled over Cumberland, Bellevue, and Cohn. However, MBA's greatest test is yet to come; the Big Red must later meet powerful Hillwood, second

in division standings, and also Hillsboro. MBA golfers are also led this year by Cayce Fuqua, Whit Holcomb, Bill Earthman, the team's only senior who has provided the team with some experience, and Chuck Lawrence who has also shot well for MBA. David "Hippie" Matthews could see some action this year. Although this year's club is young, their play would not indicate it. Our top golfers are consistently low shooters, with all golfers shooting below 40 in the Bellevue match. MBA faces its toughest tests in the next few weeks. But the MBA linksmen should "get into the swing of things."

Editor's Note: MBA's golf team went on to defeat Dupont 5-1 to win the NIL.



Past, Present, Future Bright For Tennis

Undefeated in NIL action thus far, the MBA Tennis team has high hopes of doing well in the regional and state tournaments. This year's team, led by Dan Buttrely, Rip Trammel, Ed Milam, Gep Nelson, and Alex Buchanan, hopes to capture the state championship, especially since this is Coach Dave Anderson's last season with the team. Losing only one player, Ed Milam, off the 'squad for next year, the future certainly looks bright for MBA tennis as younger players Andrew Byrd, Palmer Jones, and Flag Flanigan are gaining valuable experience along with the other varsity players. Unless a complete reversal occurs, it appears that MBA will continue to dominate NIL tennis as it has

This Year In Track....

After placing fifth in the Green Hills Relays, the MBA track team has had a successful season with highlights coming in the district meet, in which they placed sixth in a field of twenty-three teams. The outstanding performance of the year was turned in by John Gibson, who broke the school record in the broad jump with a leap of 20 feet 5½ inches in a triangular meet with Hillsboro. John later went on to break his own record several times, finally recording a 20 foot 9½ inch jump. The relay teams also turned in blazing performances, with the two-mile relay team qualifying for the regional at Tullahoma. Whitson, Stifter, Stephens, and Abernathy, along with John Gibson, all travel there to participate in the region-

al track meet.

Other members of the team finishing strong in the district were Dennis Nelson, who finished fourth in the district in the high hurdles; John Abernathy, who placed fourth in the high jump, and both the 880-yd. relay and the mile-relay teams, who earned points. Jamie Stifter also finished in good form placing fifth in the district meet in the 880-yd. run. Although the sprinters were unable to qualify anyone for the regionals, they are expected to be contenders in next year's meets for NIL honors.



Al Marsh poses for picture on Wheaties box.

crobe team stands a good chance of winning the Harpeth Valley Conference.

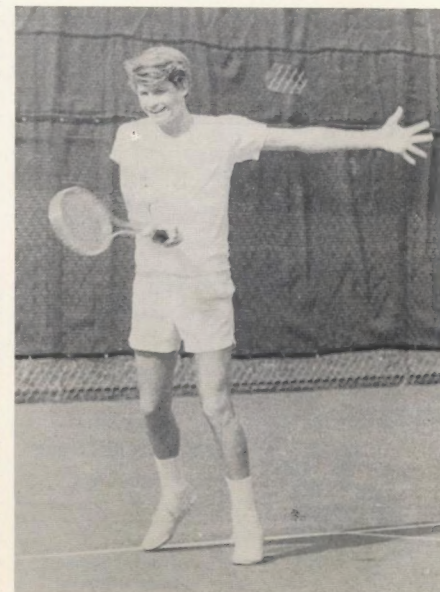
Certainly, for the most part, the microbes and freshmen have enjoyed a successful spring.

More important, whether to seniors or eighth graders, should be the impressions of the seventh graders after their first year on the Hill, which might stir some memories long buried:

"It made me more responsible"; "I thought the school year was very challenging . . .";

"I thought it had a very well-rounded curriculum."

"Challenge," "responsibility," "broad curriculum"—the seventh grade, despite any rumor to the contrary, seems to have gleaned a great deal of constructive benefit from a nine-month tour of duty at MBA.





Five of MBA's finest ponder how to escape. From left to right: Ramsey, Frist, Gibson, Milam, Rose.

The Story Behind Totomoi

On the gatepost of the Harding Road exit of Montgomery Bell Academy is the inscription: TOTOMOI. In 1954 Headmaster R. L. Sager and two alumni from the class of 1953, Inman Fox and Robert McNeilly, founded MBA's honorary fraternity of the same name. They chose the cryptic word carved on the gatepost although they were completely unaware of its origin or its correct pronunciation. However, over the years Mr. Donald Timberlake, Butch Smith, Mr. George Kirkpatrick, and Dr. Sager did some research on this strange word; and they found it to be the name of Garland Tinsley's home, which once stood where the Ball Building stands today.

It seems that Mr. Tinsley was a descendant of the Tinsley family which lived on Totomoi Farm in Hanover County, Virginia. The name **Totomoi** was actually a shortened version of the name **Totopotomoi**, which was the name of a creek running about two miles from the Tinsley farm. The creek received its name from a Pamunkey Indian who died in 1656. From these few pieces of trivial information, it may be concluded that there is no significance or meaning of the name of MBA's honorary fraternity.

However, there is a significance in the fact that in 1915 the Tinsleys sold their land on Harding Road to the MBA Trustees, who were anxious to move the Academy out of the old University of Nashville buildings in South Nashville (behind the presently standing Children's Museum). Totomoi House served as the school's main building until it burned down in 1929 and was replaced by the Ball Building. Therefore, the naming of MBA's honorary fraternity in such a fashion could be considered a tribute to the Tinsleys and to the land on which this school was built.

Today Totomoi has become synonymous to the highest honor an MBA student can obtain. It's goal is the promotion of the highest development of an MBA stu-

dent in a balanced and gentlemanly fashion. Spiritual depth and honor are encouraged together with the promotion of participation by all MBA students in activities and traditions which reflect the Academy's long history and its honorable position in America's prep schools.

Totomoi honors students by recognition of outstanding participation and achievement in: (1) scholarship, (2) athletics, (3) student government, (4) publications, (5) organizations, and (6) citizenship.

Points are awarded on the basis of length of service, achievement, and leadership in these areas. "Majors" and "Minors" in each area are awarded by point totals. Candidates must have at least two major fields and one minor for selection. In addition, candidates must maintain a good scholastic average and a worthy attitude. Approval by members of **Totomoi** and the faculty confer membership. Alumni, faculty members, and friends of the school may also be tapped into his honorary fraternity.

In the past 16 years, Totomoi has grown to membership of over 100 members. This year five seniors of the class of 1970 were approved as members: John Gibson, Edwin Milam, Jay Ramsey, Deaver Collins and Norvell Rose. Billy First was tapped into Totomoi as a junior. These six have obtained the highest possible honor of an MBA student. They are the best of this year's class, and they carry on a tradition of honor for MBA.

Heres.... Deaver

Deaver Collins also has been chosen as a personality for this final issue of the **Bell Ringer**. The valedictorian of the senior class, Deaver has become famous (infamous?) for his academic pursuits and accomplishments. As a freshman he captured the Latin medal and outstanding freshman award; in the following year he won the English, French, and debate medals; and as a junior he won the debate, French, physics and English medals in addition to the R.P.I. Mathematics and Sci-

Forensics Club Wins Charter In N.F.L.

The MBA Forensic Club will be able to look back on 1969-1970 as an especially successful year. The team, receiving help from Bill Earthman and Parkes Brittain, was formed by a nucleus of Deaver Collins (President), Charlie Bond, Chris Berry, Dick Collins, Bert Mathews, Mark McNamee, Carter Andrews, and Dick "Blueberry" Koonce. These eight debaters, often doubling in extra events, claimed two firsts, one second, two third, and two fifth place awards in major tournaments this year; and can count among the teams who have fallen to the Big Red the Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi State Champions, and the NFL Regional Champion.

The most important accomplishment this year was to achieve a record impressive enough to win a charter as a chapter of the National Forensic

League, of which the school has been an affiliate member up to this time. Forming the nucleus of next year's expanded team will be juniors Charlie Bond, Dick Collins, and Chris Berry, and sophomores Bert Mathews, Dick Koonce, Mark McNamee, and Carter Andrews, who have

performed admirably as this year's novices. The prospects for freshman and sophomore participation, which is essential for a good program, are very good; the forensic program, under the dedicated guidance of Mrs. Ridgway, is certain to continue its distinguished record.



Four outstanding members of the Forensics Club, Chris Berry, Dick Collins, Deaver Collins, and Charlie Bond, display the faces that win points during debates.

Wilson Wins Spanish Award

Montgomery Bell Academy has been informed by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish that in the National Contest held in April, Blair Wilson, a senior at MBA won the high honor of being among the top one percent at the national level in the examinations for third year Spanish students, for which he will be awarded a set of Spanish books donated by the Spanish Embassy in Washington. He won first place in the state and Nashville Region contests.

In the Second Year Examinations, Paul Freeman won second place in the state and local contest and Joel Stephens won third place in the Nashville regional contest.

Debateurs Have Profitable Year

The MBA debaters, after an unheralded start last June at Emory Forensic Workshop and an equally undistinguished fall of preparatory competition, has broken the ice and achieved a praiseworthy record this spring. Although handicapped by a dearth of mid-winter preparation, the debaters followed an important trip to Emory University with three successful tournaments in a row, compiling a total record of twenty-five wins and eight losses. The team carried away the first and second places in debate and the second-place sweepstakes trophy from the Litton Invitational Tournament on

February 14, 1970. On the following two weekends, Mrs. Ridgway took the two varsity debate teams—Dick Collins and Chris Berry, and Deaver Collins and Charlie Bond—to Madisonville, Kentucky and to Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Deaver and Charlie placed third in the Madisonville Tournament. Although there wasn't very much snow at Gatlinburg, the three-day trip was certainly worthwhile: both teams went into elimination rounds on a combined preliminary record of nine wins and three losses, and Dick and Chris took first place.



Deaver pretends to study and relax at the same time.

has already been honored by being chosen as a National Merit Scholar, an award which carries with it a \$1000 scholarship at the college of his choice.

Outside of his immense academic work, Deaver has contributed to MBA in several other areas. In the field of athletics he has lettered four times in wrestling and was elected co-captain of this year's wrestling team, which was the Western Division champion. As evidenced by his numerous debate medals, he is also an

participation in the Forensic Club over the last two years resulted in his being elected President of this year's club. In addition, Deaver serves as the news editor of the **Bell Ringer** and has indeed written a large number of articles for this year's paper.

As for next year's plans, Deaver intends to enter Amherst, where Brett Kirkpatrick, an MBA alumnus, is presently enrolled as a freshman. In the next four years, Deaver should do very well if there is anything to be concluded

Does Anyone Remember?

Mr. Balaam?
Mrs. Campbell's library?
Mrs. Ridgway's paper wad fight with Turnley?
The chipmunk Callaway let loose in Study Hall?
Mr. Novak's war games?
Tousey toys?
Suicide golf?
Cummings and Blair keeping Study Hall in 7-N?
Mr. Noble's offer of an extra hundred to anyone who would dance with his wife at the Valentine's Dance?
The "Magic trick" fad in 7-B?
Dr. Sager's encounter with an acorn?
Ramsey's Freshman speech?
Mr. Mitchell's Freshman football drills?
The Word Wealth test the first day, when no one knew what the pledge was?
Coach Myzack?
The Malt Shop Gang?
Callaway's Word Wealth stories?
Mr. Noble's pipe?

Life is work which ensnares the mind, heart, and soul and allows whistling.

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Vacationers Visit Paris

The traditional cry at MBA the day before spring vacation is "Look out Florida, here we come". This year, however, forty-six MBA students went en masse with almost as many Harpeth Hall students to Paris, France. The widely-held belief that chaperones are oppressive turned out to be unwarranted. The MBA teachers who participated in the trip were Mrs. Hollins, Mr. Owen, Mrs. Lequire, and Mr. Meriwether. After a cold bus ride from Newark Airport to Kennedy Inter-National Airport, the group boarded a 707 for Paris.

Although the temperature in Paris was generally cold, there was very little rain to spoil the trip. The first few days in Paris were spent seeing the traditional sights by bus and getting oriented to the city both geographically and language-wise. The trip was climaxed by a trip to Chartres Cathedral on Good Friday. The return trip was made during the massive "sickout" of tower controllers. Although the prospects for spending Tuesday at La Guardia Airport seemed good, since the plane to Nashville failed to appear, all the students and teachers arrived safely early Tuesday morning and went to school seven hours later.

The trip was a huge success and plans for another one next year are already being considered.

**Coles and Waller
Jewelers**
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Six happy seniors out of Mrs. Lowry's care.

ANALYSIS OF A SHORT STORY

The search for symbolic meaning in the senior English classes has produced some strange and interesting results—in both the stories and the students—not the least of which is seen in this exaggerated analysis of a short story done by a member of that illustrious group known as "English IV AP."

The symbolism exhibited by the title of Endora Welty's story, "Keela, the Outcast Indian Maiden," is almost overpowering. "Keela," a seemingly insignificant word, is actually a very important facet of the story's meaning. To understand it one must see the juxtaposition in this name. "Keela" is merely a transposing of the French word "La Kee." Since Endora Welty's great aunt lived in French Quebec, we may surmise that this hypothesis is true. Although no such French word actually exists, "La Kee" resembles the guttural sound of a native living in French East Africa, symbolizing Little Lee

Roy's own savagery at the circus. If you don't like that interpretation, "La Kee" represents instead a French West African "lackey." Also, since "Kee" cannots "key," Keela (or more properly Little Lee Roy) is the "key" to the story; he is the main character. The last three words of the title are also significant: the first letters of each, combined, spell "OIM." Juxtaposed around, this is "MOI," or the French word for "me." The reader immediately realizes that Endora Welty is hinting that this story is an autobiography. Rumor has it that she had a Negro lover, and this fits in perfectly with the title because Keela (Miss Welty) and Little Lee Roy (her Negro lover) are one and the same. Her subconscious desire to marry him is expressed here very explicitly. The marriage bond (traditionally symbolized by a ring or a bouquet) is here symbolized by the comma which comes between Keela and "moi." Bravo, Miss Welty!

Sammy Howell

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FATHER-SON BANQUET

The annual Father-Son Banquet, an MBA tradition for more than ten years, was held this year amid fine food, good entertainment, and, as usual, hot weather. After the dinner, which is credited to Mr. Hoyt Hill and McConnell's, we "voted" in next year's officers of the Father's Club. They were Nelson Andrews, President; Vaden Lackey, Vice-President; and Steve Summers, Secretary-Treasurer.

Mr. Tom Rhea's chorus aptly performed the Fifth Dimension's "Aquarius," "Scarborough Fair," and "Sounds of Silence," both by Simon and Garfunkel, and an updated version of the traditional "Michael, Row Your Boat Ashore."

Dr. Nat T. Winston was the night's speaker. The first part of his presentation consisted of a

Eighth Grade News

The eighth grade class is showing its true ability, as, in the fourth six-weeks, the eighth grade contributed more people to the Privilege List than any other class. The class also had two boys from 8TH elected to the Junior Honor Society: Miller Batson and Eddie Gillum.

While the Eighth Grade scholars have been getting 90's continuously, the eighth grade basketball players have been doing well in the Harpeth Valley Conference. Their final record, 4-3, included a thirty foot shot by Hill Granberry that defeated tough Grassland, 40-38, and two wins over Ensworth, one by 15 points and the other by 19. Led by Joe Collier, Hill Granberry and Reed Trickett, the Microbes have a good chance to win the Harpeth Tournament. The Microbes wrestlers, led by Todd Baker, had a successful first season. And that's all from the Eighth Grade.

from the Sophomores

The writers of this column would like to apologize to all rate sophomores for our failure to get a column in this paper. However, after our futile attempts to publish pornography and radical propaganda, we lost faith in our efforts, in spite of an abundance of scandal and criticism.

Other than Bobby Miller, a five-period privilege lister, the class has not really excelled scholastically; but there are more than enough pocks to compensate. Over one third of the varsity football team were sophomores; four sophomores lettered in varsity basketball; five starters infiltrated baseball. Bob Latimer, Fred Fisher, Ernie Leonard, and Steve Armistead have been outstanding in three major sports. Whitson, Knox, Regen, Trammell, Holcomb, Regen, Stephens, Curtis, and other sophomores have excelled athletically, but intramural glory still has its triumphs. This year this class was led by president Damon Regen, vice-president Bill Freeman, secretary Rob Ramsay, and treasurer Bill Pickens, with Al Whitson and Chase Cole on the Honor Council.

Despite the loss of two classmates (one due to tight pants), this class will still be the largest ever at MBA. We can still look forward to fast cars, pretty women (Reese's dream), summer school, and the leadership next year of Whitson as president, and Pickens, Floyd and Ramsey on the Honor Council.

The first "mad house" on record was Bethlehem, of London Conditions were so bad that a contraction of its name, bedlam, is used as a synonym for a "scene of uproar and confusion." Dorothea Dix founded the first mental institution in Tennessee in 1880, and today, under the recent leadership of Dr. Winston as Tennessee's Commissioner of Mental Health, Tennessee is the third best state in regard to mental health facilities.

Dr. Winston is also a renowned banjo picker. The songs he performed included the original "Legend of Tom Dooley" and a song commemorating the famous "monkey trial" held in Tennessee.

Everyone, of course, had a great time at the banquet, and we hope it will always be a tradition at

Junior Class Happenings

When the confusion and havoc left by this junior class have died down, the rising juniors may see that they have been given an example to emulate. The question is whether the example is a good or a bad one. We have been an active class, with many members playing important parts in academics, athletics, dramatics, public speaking, and many other activities. We have survived a barrage of tests with imposing names and content; NEDT, NMSQT, EMSO, SDTT, and SAT. For spring vacation we relieved the tension of school life by going to places like Florida and France (Puisseaux aux gens!), with imposing names and content: the seasonal syndrome—spring fever.

This fever, however, did not shelter us from encounters with synaesthesia and terza rima in Mr. Turner's English class. After an unfortunate confrontation with an unidentified mob, one among our ranks learned that in numbers there is strength. Another became acquainted with workings behind the stage in Wallace Hall. Outwardly, at least, we are ready to be next year's senior class: we have all had the opportunity to map out our futures and seal our fates by determining our senior schedule with help from Mr. Carter. Actually, before we can become seniors, we must recover from being juniors. The summer will help.

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(Continued from Page 1)

began when he realized that a doctor whom he knew was supporting the family that he often abandoned for weeks at a time. From that point, Tino has become a devout Christian, spreading his story to high schools, organizations, and even to prisons. From his experiences with alcohol, drugs, and other vice, Mr.



Mr. Carrasco displays type of syringe he used.

Carrasco is well-qualified to describe their effects to ignorant teenagers. He confirmed the theory that smoking marijuana can lead to "hard" drugs, such as heroin, and to later imprisonment; such was the very route he travelled as a young man.

Today, however, Tino is a gospel singer. Since he lectures to audiences free of charge, his singing career constitutes his vocation; in fact, an album of his songs recently appeared on the market. The whole MBA student body wishes him the best of luck in his new life when he returns

about Mr. Fairbairn

"He who erases a blackboard up-and-down is narrow-minded; he who erases a blackboard from side-to-side, however, is broad-minded." Such is the classroom wisdom handed down by Mr. Donald Fairbairn, recent addition to MBA's famed mathematics department and the Bell Ringer's teacher of the issue. Mr. Fairbairn, whose name has been mispronounced and misspelled probably more than any other's, is teaching geometry, senior math, and calculus.

Having attended high school

in Smithville, Tennessee, Mr. Fairbairn received a B.S. in mathematics from Peabody and entered the Navy OCS. (He confesses that Navy men, however they erase blackboards, are all broad minded.) There followed several Naval teaching appointments including one at the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, California, where he took advantage of the climate to devote much time to golf and tennis. Out of the Navy, he taught for a year ("nine long months") at Cleveland State Community College before coming to MBA.

At MBA Mr. Fairbairn finds it enjoyable to work with students with ability and with either inside or outside motivation. He appreciates MBA's good sports program and admires the fact that stress is placed on the over-all development of the individual. Student teaching in his calculus class is one way that Mr. Fairbairn has taken advantage of the small classes at MBA. His awesome naval experience has come in handy in solving the complicated "hanging cable" problem in calculus. Whether on the golf course, the tennis court, or in the classroom, Mr. Fairbairn has proved a valuable addition to the faculty, and we hope he will continue his service





Students present Photo Club memento to Mr. Meriwether.

Mr. Meriwether Leaves the Hill

Mr. Lee Meriwether has been at MBA since 1955, and it is with deep regret that we announce his intention to leave. When Mr. Meriwether arrived at MBA, he comprised the entire science department, teaching general science, and physics or chemistry (alternating yearly). Now he is Assistant to the headmaster and head of a competent science department with six or seven curricula. He received the first annual James B. Conant award for Excellence in the Teaching of High School Chemistry, presented by the Nashville Chapter of the American Society of Chemists, and he has been nominated for national recognition.

In an era when good chemists are often better appreciated in the

laboratories of a corporation than in the class room, Mr. Meriwether explains, "I just want to teach science." Unfortunately, he also explains, "I have accomplished all I can here"; and feels that "it's time for a change"; he plans therefore to teach at Pine Crest High School in Fort Lauderdale. Mr. Meriwether has certainly enjoyed his fifteen-year stay here, and hates to leave a student body of a quality such as he appreciates. He is noted as a teacher who tries to deal justly with the students, has a personal concern for them, and believes that they and not he should balance discipline and freedom at school. He leaves behind a solid impression on many students at Montgomery Bell Academy.

★ AP Notes ★

Disturbed by recent college disruptions, Mr. Carter has begun a vigorous weight training program in order to get himself in shape to fight off irate pupils. Thus far, the principle danger in the AP History class has proved to be David "Mac-the-Knife" McKie, whom Mr. Carter has been watching with a particularly wary eye. Fortunately, our headmaster has the services of an excellent bodyguard in Jim Sugg, whose broad experiences as the "Burger Boy Bouncer" should make him extremely useful in putting down violent incidents.

In developments in other classes, David Bryant has accomplished a major coup in combining the philosophy of English class with the rigid mathematical discipline of calculus. The preposterous result occurred as follows:

Problem: Derive a reduction formula for the integral of the sine of x to the n th power.

David's solution: We have been asked to derive a "reduction

formula" for the above expression. But first we must know what indeed, is "reduction." Life is complicated and our efforts to "reduce" it to anything simple are seldom rewarded. The most we can hope for is a small glimmer of reality coming faintly and vanishing quickly into that dark realm to which we all move inevitably. But, in a greater sense, what is finally real? Surely no formula, be it reduction, induction, or deduction, can give us the answer. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time? Who is there whose Glass Menagerie is not fragile and easily broken? Who has not yearned to let down the ladder and give a helping hand to the naked swimmer of our subconscious?

This truly brilliant essay on Dave's part can only be rivalled by a similar paper which Mrs. Lowry handed out to all the seniors: Yes, she finally managed to reduce the human condition, which has been discussed *ad infinitum* all year, to a single mimeographed sheet.

The Ultimate Answer To The Question?

The food of thought is a fool's starvation.
Non-conformity in a world of non-conformists;
Are the guilty to be freed of their chains?
Lacking the sincerity of the compassionate—
Nothing but a world of nothingness.

The blind owl is ignorant to hope—
No inspiration to emotion.
A person incensed with no imagination
Be but due hypocrisy—

Compacency is but a world of the dead
The death of courage in the nihilism of futility
Cancerous embolism of cynicism—two faced society—
No life is futile in the sphere of resentment—
"I come to seek revenge."

World thou art mine in this odyssey of revolt . . .
I sense despair of hopelessness.

—composed during a moment of sustained idiocy by a MBA senior—

Tom Lucas Honored

A Columbia Army officer has won the Bronze Star Medal with "V" Device (first Oak Leaf Cluster) for heroism in South Vietnam.

He is First Lt. Harold T. "Tom" Lucas, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lucas, 318 W. Sixth St., an artillery officer who was serving at the time with Battery B, Second Bn., 319th Artillery, 101st Airborne Division.

Lucas is a graduate of Montgomery Bell Academy and he attended the University of Tennessee before entering the Army. He has returned from Vietnam and is now stationed at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

The Army Citation read:

"For heroism in ground combat against a hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam on 14 June 1969. Lieutenant Lucas distinguished himself while serving as the Executive Officer in Battery B, 2d Battalion, 319th Artillery, while on an operation in the A Shau Valley at Fire Support Base Berchtesgaden, Republic of Vietnam."

"At the start of a sapper attack, Lieutenant Lucas began subjecting himself to enemy fire as he ran to alert each howitzer section and assign fields of fire. While continually checking the battery area, he was confronted by a sapper and quickly killed him with his M-16 rifle. Seeing that the enemy force was threatening the Fire Direction Center, he stood on top of a parapet wall and began throwing hand grenades, causing the insurgents to withdraw."

"Lieutenant Lucas' personal bravery and devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army."

Dramatics Club Scores Success

The MBA dramatic company has done it again! On March 12, 13, and 14, they produced *The Streets of New York*, and it was a smashing success. This play, a mid nineteenth century melodrama, was the most complex technically of any produced at MBA. Nevertheless, it came off flawlessly. Its success was due not only to polished acting, but also to a very competent crew backstage and a fine director.

The first scene of the play, performed in assembly before the formal production nights, opens as the villain, Gideon Bloodgood (played by Norvell Rose), an unscrupulous banker who, on the verge of bankruptcy, embezzles the \$100,000 deposit of an old sea captain (Mike Regen). However, Bloodgood's accomplice, Badger (Sammy Howell), blackmails the villain and leaves "for parts unknown." The second scene opens twenty years later when Bloodgood is again rich and preying on unknowing souls. Among them is the hero, Mark Livingstone (Joe Marable). Although refused a loan by the villain, Bloodgood's daughter Alida (Sara Naylor) has her father wrapped around her little finger and with a \$10,000 loan, seduces Living-

stone into promising to marry her. As the play progresses, the heroine, Lucy Fairweather (Sheri Anglea), Livingstone's true love, complicates matters, and the play ends with Badger returning to foil the villain, the return of the \$100,000 to the rightful owners, and the marriage of the hero and heroine.

Among the other performers who appeared in major roles were Chrissy McClure, Bob Murphy, Tom Neff, Anne Thomas, John Thomas, and Dick Klausner, the company consisted of Wade Sutton, Pat Curley, Scott Collins, Don Wade, Rick Rule, Bill Earthman, Jim Shapiro, Dick Workman, Jim Shapiro, Cile Farrar, Patti Pigg, Parkey Casselbury, Susie Andrews, Renae Pickens, Jo Anne Anderson, Teresa McGowan, and Kathy Grant.

In addition to the actors were the crewmen, Jim Sugg, Fred Guttman, John Van Volkenburg, Spence Sutton, Walter Diehl, Bill Jewell, and Mike Moynihan.

The greatest thanks of course go to Mr. Holcomb, the director, who supervised the acting, the settings, the publicity, and other operations which went into the production of this play.

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HARDING ROAD



This picture by Arthur Hillier, along with pictures by Jack Funk and Sonny Bodo, tied for first in MBA's first annual photography contest.

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You Meet the Most Interesting People at
Belle Meade Buffet

Yates

a story by Norrell Rose

With the coming of spring came the rains. A person could never tell how long one of these storms was going to last; the clouds just came and went as they pleased, never giving any heed to the predictions or interpretations offered by the men whose job it was to predict and interpret. The rains cooled the air and made it nice for walking. Yates loved to walk. Every morning before breakfast and every evening after supper he would walk around the garden several times. He said it gave him strength, that it made him feel like a new man. Yates was thirty-four years old, and like most of the patients he fancied himself a great person of some sort. One day he would be a president, the next day he called himself a duke or a prince. Everybody liked Yates, and Yates liked all the other patients. There was Millie, who was once a teacher in a big college up North. There was Walter, everyone called him Smudge; he said he used to be a great painter. No one ever knew for sure. Smudge liked to make Christmas cards, and he drew pictures of candles and flowers and mangers (on torn sacks) and gave them to his friends. He didn't have as many friends as Yates did so it wasn't such a big job handing out Christmas cards. There were twenty-three patients in the big room and Yates knew them all by name . . .

As long as he could remember, there had been the hospital and the nurses in their white uniforms. He liked the clean smell of the nurses, but when the doctors came with their metal tools, Yates got in his bed and pulled the covers over his head and closed his eyes so they couldn't see him. He never could figure out how they found him, but they always did, and then it would hurt and he would cry, but he tried to keep away the tears because he didn't want anyone to see him crying. That would happen every day, but each time it was just as bad as before, and Yates would pull the sheets up after they had gone, eventually falling asleep under the cool covers.

In the morning the nurses let him sit on the porch and watch the people on the street below. Once Yates tried to count how many people there were, but he lost track when a boy of about thirteen threw a rock and hit him in the eye. Yates kept the rock under his pillow, but he never tried to count the people again. He told himself that when that boy came back he would throw the rock and hurt him. But then he wondered if others felt pain too, or if this quality were especial in himself . . .

The most important part of his entire day was after lunch because it was then that Yates was allowed to see his cactus. It had been given to him by one of the patients whom they had taken away one night. This was a beautiful little plant, tall and thin with lots of tiny prickles that tickled his fingers when he touched them. Yates loved his little cactus and each afternoon they would let him go into another part of the hospital where they kept the plant and he would get to water it. They said they had to keep it in a separate room because the other patients might break it or hurt themselves if it

When the nurse came around to collect the lunch trays, Yates would smile and ask if it was time to go watering. One day there was a new nurse on the shift and when Yates asked if it was time for them to go watering she started laughing and all the people in the big room looked to see what was happening. None of the others knew why the nurse was laughing so hard, but it was such a funny sight they all started laughing too. Yet nothing was funny to Yates and he crawled under the covers and put his fingers in his ears so he couldn't hear any more. When that didn't work and only seemed to make everyone laugh louder, he screamed for all of them to shut up. Finally the doctors came and stuck him in the arm with a pointed needle and he went to sleep, but Yates never again thought that the people he lived with were his friends. In fact he didn't like the nurses as much either. He still hated the doctors with their smell of alcohol and their shiny tools.

The cactus went unwatered that day, and when Yates woke up in the middle of the night he began to cry because he thought about it alone there in that dark room, thirsty and needing someone to take care of it. He tried to get out of bed to get a cup of water to take down the hall, but he tripped over a chair and the nurse came and scolded him and told him he was stupid and could have hurt himself. It was the same nurse who had laughed at him, and Yates hated her most of all. Without saying a word, he crawled back into bed and stared at her until she had turned out the light and it was dark again. Yates lay there in the quiet listening to the rain on the tile roof and thinking how his cactus would like the cool water that trickled down the rusted gutters.

Early the next morning, he called the nurse and told her he didn't want any breakfast. He was really very hungry, but he wanted to make the nurse feel bad for what she had done and he thought his not eating would accomplish his purpose. In fact he didn't even go for a walk that morning but just sat in bed and watched the other patients while the doctor examined them.

When it came time to water the cactus, Yates called the nurse and told her. She did not laugh this time because the doctors had told her about the cactus and about Yates. She told them she thought it was very sad but she still chuckled to herself when she went past the big room.

Yates was allowed to take the water into the room where they kept his cactus and to water the little plant by himself. He loved the cactus and being alone with it. Many times he and the plant would have conversations, and he knew the cactus understood him when no one else did. Yates watched it grow and he thought that some day it would grow so big that it would burst forth into the air and let him climb into the sky and leave the hospital forever. This was why he took such good care of it.

As he was watering the cactus, Yates remembered that he hadn't come the day before and the plant had not been watered because no one else loved it like he did and therefore paid no attention to its needs. He remem-

bered the drops spattered on the windowill. He imagined his cactus bathing in the cool water and growing tall and strong so it could take him away. Slipping the little plant under his smock and making sure not to hurt the bloom that was just beginning to appear, Yates opened the door and told the nurse he was ready to go back. It was all he could do to keep her from seeing the little plant, and the perspiration began to drip off his forehead as he walked slowly back to the big room. He pictured himself a great spy carrying important documents across enemy lines. He was risking his life in his mind, where the facts had always been distorted and jumbled and Yates never could tell what was real and what was fantasy.

After what seemed many long hours, Yates reached the safety of the big room and the nurse went about her own business. He went to the little balcony from which he watched the people and carefully took the cactus from under his smock and placed it on a brick ledge where no one could see it from the inside. He touched the spines, which were becoming hard and sharp with age, and told the bloom not to worry because now it would get all the water it needed. Yates smiled and looked out over the endless city. The garden in which he liked to walk was beginning to show signs of life and made a great contrast with the gray, noisy buildings rising hot into the smoke-filled air.

That night it rained and Yates wanted to see how his cactus was faring. He remembered what the nurse had said about walking in the dark, but he loved the cactus and he did not love the nurse. Yates slipped carefully out of bed and felt his way in the dark over to the door of the porch. It was a sliding door and he had never worked it by himself. Not sure of what he was doing, Yates began to push and pull, but accomplished nothing. After several minutes of fruitless struggling, he became very upset and started yelling at the door that if it didn't open he would hurt it. Immediately the light was turned on and the nurse ran in screaming for him to shut up and get back in bed. Then the other patients began to shout and jump up in their beds and the entire room was in an awful uproar. Yates remembered the doctors coming and the pointed needles and his body floating between the wrinkled sheets.

When he awoke it was light, and he smelled the clean uniforms of the nurses as they collected the lunch trays and told the patients to take a nap so they would feel better when night came, as if there were some reason for them to feel better. His head hurt and he was weak and could not lift himself up. A nurse came by and asked him if he wanted some lunch, but all he said was that he wanted to see his cactus. However she ignored his request and continued collecting the trays. Yates tried to prop himself up on one arm, but could not master the strength. He called to the nurse and told her that he wanted to see his cactus. Then he looked at her and saw that it was the one who had laughed at him and he felt the hate well up inside of him, and at the same time the strength returned to his limbs. Slipping on the edge of his bed, wet with perspiration, Yates repeated that he wanted to see his cactus and that if she tried to stop him he would hurt her very bad. Because of the menacing tone in his voice and the hate in his eyes, the frightened nurse stepped aside and let Yates pass. He walked

weary legs could not carry him very fast, and saw that the roofs of the buildings were wet and glistening with the rain. Moving on to the door of the little balcony, he pushed it open, for it was unfastened during the day, and walked out onto the porch and into the cool rain. He turned and saw his little cactus, brown and bending, drops of water twitching in the spines.

Yates picked up the tiny plant and held it in front of his face so

that he could get a better look. But no matter where he held it, it looked the same. The little cactus was dead; there had been too much water. Yates stood for a long time in the rain because then no one could tell that he was crying, except maybe for the irregular sobs that twisted his face. He clutched the cactus to his breast and the needles made little trickles of blood on his rain-soaked smock, but he didn't feel the pain.



M. H. I. does her own thing.

Very Like a Whale

Ogden Nash

One thing that literature would be greatly the better for Would be a more restricted employment by authors of simile and metaphor.

Authors of all races, be they Greeks, Romans, Teutons or Celts, Can't seem just to say that anything is the thing it is but have to go out of their way to say that it is like something else. What does it mean when we are told

That the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold? In the first place, George Gordon Byron had had enough experience

To know that it probably wasn't just one Assyrian, it was a lot of Assyrians.

However, as too many arguments are apt to induce apoplexy and thus hinder longevity, We'll let it pass as one Assyrian for the sake of brevity

Now then, this particular Assyrian, the one whose cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,

Just what does the poet mean when he says he came down like a wolf on the fold?

In heaven and earth more than is dreamed of in our philosophy there are a great many things, But I don't imagine that among them there is a wolf with

purple and gold cohorts or purple and gold anything. No, no, Lord Byron, before I'll believe that this Assyrian was actually like a wolf I must

have some kind of proof; Did he run on all fours and did he have a hairy tail and a big red mouth and big white teeth and did he say Woof woof

Frankly I think it very unlikely, and all you were entitled to say, at the very most,

Was that the Assyrian cohorts came down like a lot of Assyrian cohorts about to destroy the Hebrew host.

But that wasn't fancy enough for Lord Byron, oh dear me no, he had to invent a lot of figures of speech and then interpolate them,

With the result that whenever you mention Old Testament soldiers to people they say

Oh, yes, they're the ones that a lot of wolves dressed up in gold and purple ate them

That's the kind of thing that's being done all the time by poets, from Homer to Tennyson;

They're always comparing ladies to lilies and veal to venison.

How about the man who wrote, Her little feet stole in and out like mice beneath her petticoat?

Wouldn't anybody but a poet think twice

Before stating that his girl's feet were mice?

Then they always say things like that after a winter storm

The snow is a white blanket. If it is, is it, all right then, you

sleep under a six-inch blanket of snow and I'll sleep under a half-inch blanket of unpoetical blanket material and we'll see

which one keeps warm, And after that maybe you'll begin to comprehend dimly

What I mean by too much meta-



FLORENCE

The Belle

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry
skies;
And all that's best of dark and
bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
As Lord Byron penned these
lines on the paragon of beauty,
he must have had this issue's
Belle as his model. It is with
extreme honor that **The Bell
Ringer** presents Miss Florence
Gifford as this edition's Belle.

Miss Gifford, a senior at Harpeth Hall, has engaged in the activities of her school since her freshman year when she was elected Treasurer. As a sophomore, she served as a class cheerleader. She was elected to play George Washington in the Harpeth Hall celebration of his birthday, an honor which deemed her as the most representative Junior. As a senior, Florence serves as Secretary-Treasurer of the Student Council, plays varsity basketball and volleyball, and is a member of the Ecowasin Club and the Glee Club.

Florence, known to her friends as "Flo," does not confine herself to school. She is a very faithful member of Kappa Delta Theta sorority, and a devout member of Immanuel Baptist Church. However, for the past two years, Flo's main interest has been the Big Red. The time she sat through the Ryan-M.B.A. football game

last year in pouring rain is evidence of her undying loyalty to M.B.A.

This year, Florence has shown her devotion for M.B.A. as a cheerleader. When she's not sick, she's ardently cheering the Big Red to victory. She served as attendant to the 1969 Homecoming Court.

Florence's most prominent characteristic is her popularity. Florence is never too busy to listen to someone's problems; in other words, she subordinates her own concerns to wholehearted interest in others.

Unlike the old adage - beauty's only skin deep - Florence's charm is complemented by her personality. The gleam of her eye and the smile on her face are the outward expressions of her inner personality. Vivacious and spirited, Florence shows an enthusiasm in whatever she does. She lives life to its fullest, and, more important, enjoys every minute of it.

Florence plans to attend either Vanderbilt, Sweetbriar, Agnes Scott, or Alabama, and hopes to be a teacher. Wherever she continues her academic pursuit, her outstanding qualities will follow her, for these attributes make her what she is.

It is for these reasons that **The Bell Ringer** is honored to have Miss Florence Gifford as the Belle.

Norvell and David In the Spotlight

"And now, here he is . . . the star of the show . . . Norvell Rose!" As President of this year's Dramatics Club, Norvell has become well-known around the M.B.A. campus for his great acting ability. Almost always given the leading role, he has played such parts as Hamlet, Anthony in **Julius Caesar**, "El Captain" in **Mr. Roberts**, Oakhurst in **The Outcasts of Poker Flat**, and Tom Wingfield in **The Glass Menagerie**. In the most recent production, "The Streets of New York," Norvell portrayed the notorious banker, Gideon Bloodgood, and his fiendish laughter and ghoul-like deeds brought chills to the petrified audience and struck terror into the hearts of all history students previously acquainted with this "Robber Baron" period in the American past.

In addition to acting, Norvell has also participated in forensics and serves as Vice-President of that club this year. He holds various N.F.L. (National Forensic League) awards and the oratorical training he has received in this club has certainly had a great deal to do with his successes in the field of dramatics.

To cultivate his literary talents, Norvell has also tackled, this year, the rather formidable job of serving as Editor-in-Chief of the "Bell Ringer." His main task is to coordinate the actions of all the assistant editors, but he has also written a great number of articles himself and has done a substantial amount of work "above and beyond the call of duty." Norvell is also the captain of this year's Rifle Team, a team which has thus far captured the City Tournament Championship and has indeed proved to be one of M.B.A.'s most successful athletic groups.

Academically, Norvell has been equally outstanding. He is a National Merit Finalist and a member of the National Honor Society. As a seventh, eighth, and ninth grader he was the recipient of the English medal, and as a freshman he won the speech award.

In his spare time (if he ever has any), Norvell has teamed with John Thomas to write some songs which they now have under contract with a local publisher. Norvell hopes particularly to con-

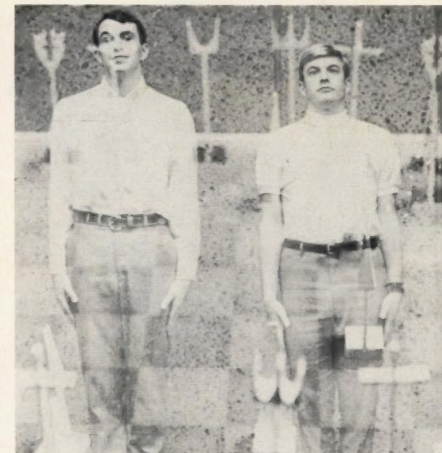
tinue his music and drama in college, and he is going to attend the University of Virginia. For his widespread contribution to the school, he was tapped this fall for entrance into Totomoi - the highest honor an M.B.A. student can receive.

David Bryant, our other personality, serves this year as the Treasurer of the Honor Council. His most distinguishing characteristics are his friendliness and his scathing wit; for instance, when asked exactly what duties a treasurer could have on such a council, Dave replied adroitly that he accepted bribes on behalf of the other members. In a somewhat more serious tone, he followed up this remark with the suggestion that he would take charge of the council if the three seniors of a slightly higher rank (Edwin, Blair, and Jay) were incapacitated (hmmm).

Whatever his ambitions for power, David has certainly become one of the senior class favorites. Known affectionately to his friends as "Darkie" Bryant (and to Mr. Carter as the "squirming swami" of AP History), Dave has contributed widely to the school. Although he spent his sophomore year in a public school

in California, he nevertheless returned to the Hill in time to get involved in several activities. In addition to his duties on the Honor Council (which he does, incidentally, take very seriously), Bryant is serving this year as the Senior Assistant Editor of the "Bell Ringer" and as the Secretary-Treasurer of the Forensics Club. A good future on the football team was cut short in his junior year, when, in superb Bryant fashion, he wrenched his knee on his very first play and was forced to sit the rest of the season on crutches. His only other major athletic activity occurred in his sophomore year in California, where he rowed on the varsity crew team for his high school. His crew team never won a match while he was there; the year after he left, the team went undefeated.

Although seemingly cursed in athletics despite good ability, Dave has not been deterred. This year he received a National Merit Finalist award for his mental dexterity, and he is also one of the very few seniors with the courage or ability to take three AP courses. His humor and imagination have broken up many a class and relieved the ennui of numerous routine school days; his friendliness has caused him to be admired by all of the seniors. Together, David and Norvell form a twosome who have not only contributed greatly to the school, but to all their classmates who know them well. We wish them even greater success in the future.



Two wary pawns await next move.

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GILBERT EDSON NEXT YEAR'S ASSISTANT HEADMASTER

M.B.A.'s new assistant headmaster, Mr. Gilbert Edson, is a long-time friend of Mr. Carter. Born in Washington, D.C., Mr. Edson attended St. Albans School. From there he went to the University of the South at Sewanee and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. After receiving his Master's Degree from Harvard, Mr. Edson served from 1942 until 1947 in the Navy. Since then, he has pursued a teaching career which began at the Avon School in Connecticut, where he taught for two years, and then continued for fifteen

Baltimore.

His most recent position was at Columbia Military Academy. There he has been the headmaster for eight years, the first six of which he served as Vice-President and the last two as President. Of Mr. Edson's three children (Mrs. Richard Blankenship, Gilbert Edson, and Miss Ann Edson), his son Gilbert is best known to M.B.A. students since he coaches both soccer and general athletics. We all welcome this new member to the faculty and hope his stay at MBA will be a



Drug expert from University of Tennessee takes bids on bottle

HAPPY TRAILS

TO THE

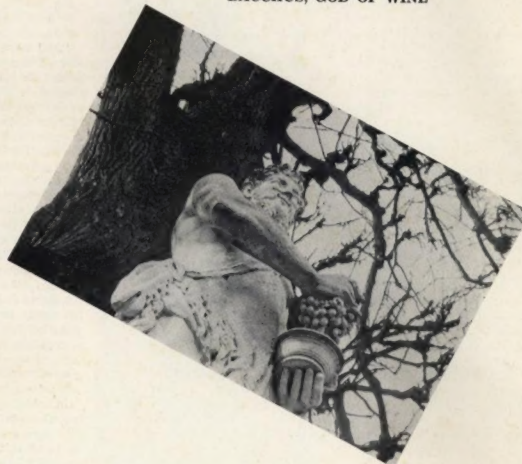
CLASS OF 1970

Some of the sights of Paris and environs....

THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES



BACCHUS, GOD OF WINE



Vive la France



NOTRE DAME



NOTRE DAME

Vive l' Amerique

"What is there about college to which you are really looking forward?"
Wally Kuhn: "Individual freedom. It's gonna be interesting.

It will demand a lot of discipline."

Biff Ewers: "a change to a more adult environment."
John Gibson: "transition to a broader curricular program."
(cont.)

Mike Regen: "more possibilities. You're aiming toward your goal."

Deaver Collins: "women—in the rooms, under the tables, everywhere . . . freedom in a new atmosphere and situation."

Dick Workman: "a place in which the students and faculty are on an equal level and where both groups function as one unit toward the challenge of higher learning."

Tom Nesbitt: "forming associations with people whose backgrounds are different from mine."



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